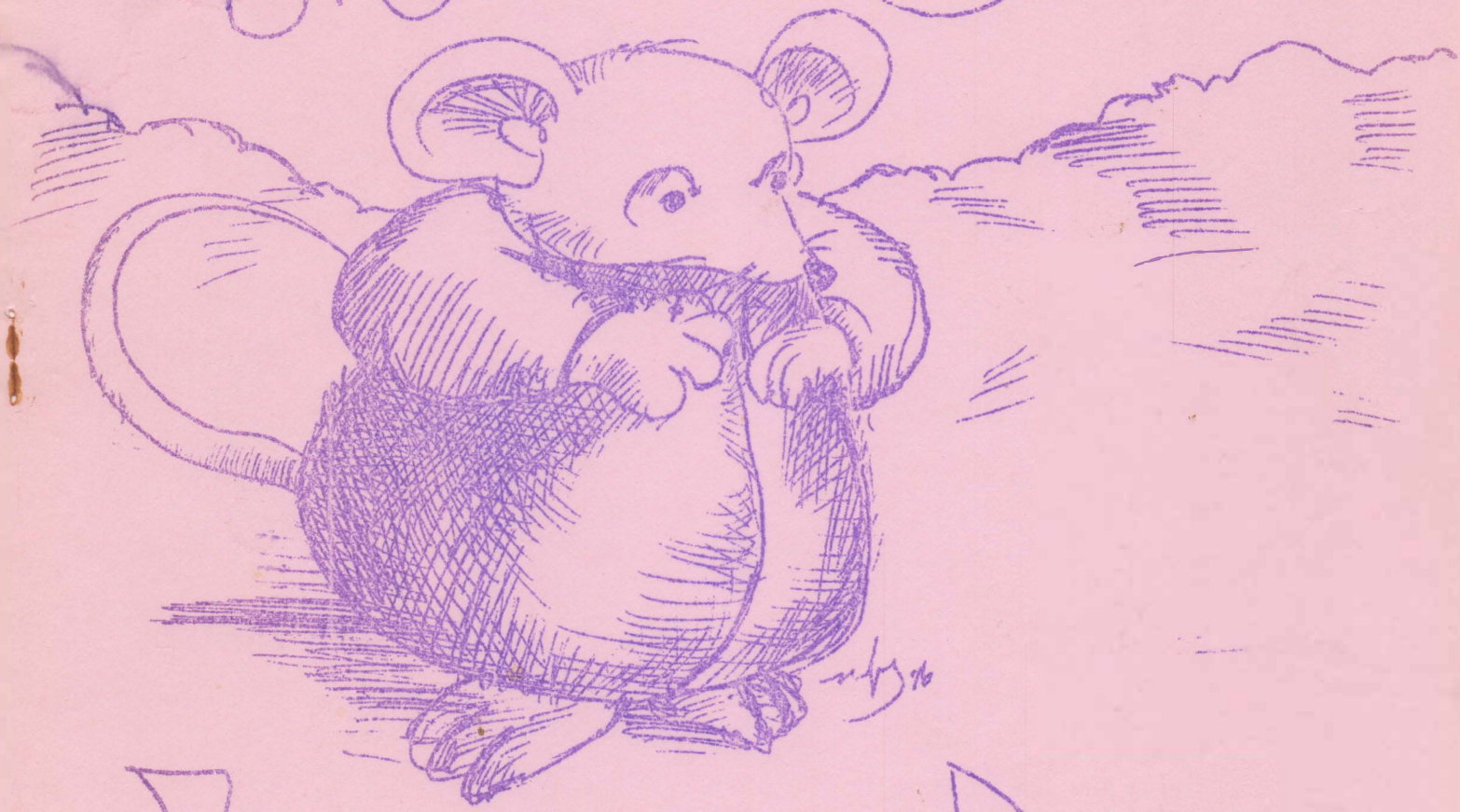
3 dozen Mouse Eggs

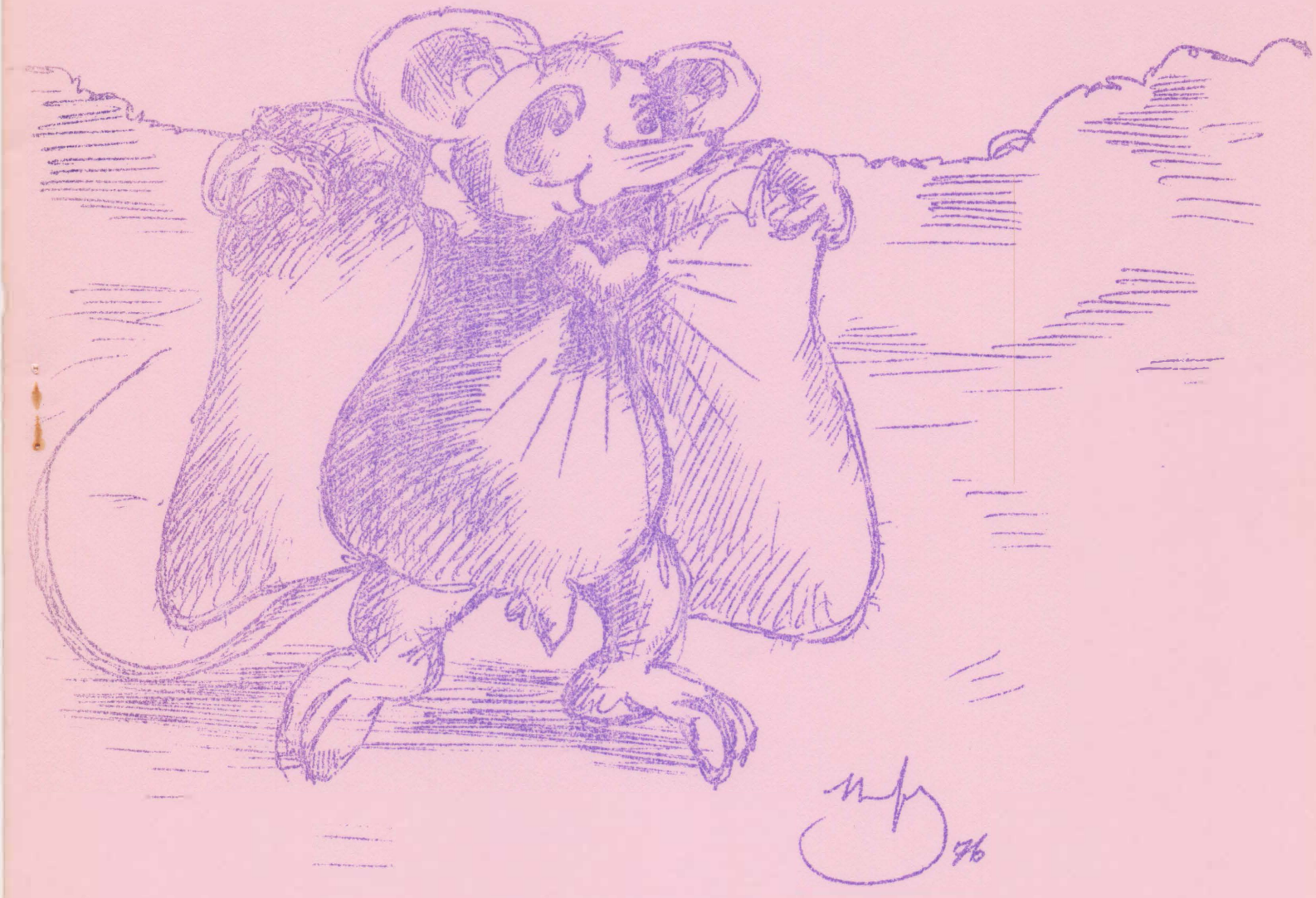
35¢



Valentine's Day

© typos copyrite the poet

ARCMTL SCAN 2017



DRAWINGS BY MARC NEPENBERG

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

i am sending you a valentine

i am sending you a valentine
across this confederation of barely translatable craters
in the tradition of the french
from this province of wild figures of speech & smoke where
a fire crackles like a lion tamer's whip

i am going to tatoo the white reverse
its smooth silkiness
deftly inverted
the little beyond
another thing exposed
against the entire mouth
with the diligence & anticipation
of an uncle chastising his trusting niece
the other way so
lovingly on her preliminaries

John McAuley

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

Artie Gold

So many things remind me of you
The birth of christ: Georges de la Tour(around 1633)
page 126 Art news Annual/1955: The Repentant Magdalene
a nude, Kirchner painted. A matisse
something by Berthe Morisot
that Lehmbruck in The Boston Museum
the body of a Modigliani
things Picasso was fond of saying
the first cubist painting
Les demoiselles d'Avignon--
-a picture I once jerked off to.
Though Art resounds with your image
my life has lost the realness of your touch.

feb 4 76

The Heart
is also /
'the ass'
/ mark how
it splits..
specifically along
Cotes des Neiges Blvd)

jan 25 76

across the lane

They're having a lousy time
and the bedsprings still creak)

won't give it up

feb 14 72

2 fragments

sorry is said three times as if
wanted in the lobby

....

too often, they buy their nixon at the wrong time of
the poem, and bad meat wastes the two of them

....

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

St. Valentine in Ste Anne

february 14 is only a rumor around here
at best a date on an undistinguished calendar
the post office is eager to give away to win back
my heart

they've even drawn a cute little heart under
the number 14 (in two languages
they attempt to deceive me

but everything is white or slushy this day

tell me
who can dream of love
when there are still 53,280 minutes to spring

andre farkas
feb 14/76

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

EPILEPTIC PING PONG
(a valentine's day nostalgia)

Harland Snodgrass

Where are you now

whose ivory mountainsides are collapsing
whose lapsing memory is howling
whose fetid trowels are scraping yesterday's footprints
    from the placenta of your imagination
whose aged streetlamps' ragtime cannonade forgets
    the silent Novacaine barrage in your garage

        that turns the Chevrolets to ashes
        that smashes the utensils of disgust
        that trusted all those children & their trunks
        that punctures sickly uncles of remorse
        that forces slithering brains into a cast
        that blasts another consciousness to powder
        that powers the silences to remember
        that renders the slow oils of broiling archmaidens
            into the cinemascope nightmare of procrastination
        that leadeth me beside the still waters
        that restoreth my soul?

Yea, all along the highway between this place and
Los Alamos New Mexico, the dried sinuses and itching
trailer hitches bark your names across the searing sands

where stand abandoned crotchsockets shot with bleeding
where feeding flesheaters watched the Beast

        who planned the Feast of Retrospect alone and
          barfed his orgasm in the dust from eating
          scorpion ice cream
        who banned your barbed-wire spasm from this
          screaming turnpike

where Sigmund and his scarred cigar depart
    after spewing hydrogen nightcheese against
    a seventy-five-mile-an-hour tombstone that reads:

Hanged By Mistake.

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

KEN NORRIS

You sit on the bedroom floor with scissors in hand
Fabric and pinned pattern, making a jumper, while I
In this room at the other end of the apartment
Type these words, trying to make them tender
Words of love. Yet now, this moment, my heart
Feels as if it's hours away, couldn't
Even make it to this poem by plane. I love you,
Even when I'm empty like this, in the hollow
Of my empty chest, I love you. And this love,
Like ambergris out of the massive whale,
Is precious, is so preciously slight.

Feb. 5, 76

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

KEN NORRIS

ST. VALENTINES DAY

Those seven valentines she gave me
Our first year set me up for the massacre.
She signed them seven different ways,
Covered the spectrum from little girl to tramp,
Yet always I knew it was her who loved me,
Though I didn't know her, nor the way she loved.
I was touched by the cheap sentiment, hearts & flowers
And puppies with roses in their mouths.
Even now I keep her memory alive
In an envelope at the back of the closet.

To love a woman who approaches with a razor blade
Held in each hand is a dangerous thing.
& when her phone rings and you answer it
& it spits up blood, you begin to realize
Something isn't quite right. To go on loving
Under such conditions is strictly prohibited
By the Geneva convention.

Her new boyfriend is Italian & a bit rough,
An Al Capone in the making. I'd never turn
My back on either of them; he the sometimes
Cab driver with a passion for white powder,
She the budding journalist. I'm intent upon
Keeping my blood out of a junkie's spike,
Keeping my picture out of the paper.

Feb. 5, 76

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

TEEK

Feb. 14, 1976

Three words shine:
Be my Valentine.
(I love you.)

Too bad!

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

T. KONYVES

Peacock

I kiss you with the corner of my mouth.

IN THE holy morning matrimony the priest bends his head
to the bride and places a radio in the groom's vest.
The groom changes to FM and sings along with Bing Crosby's
rendition of White Christmas.
The bride holds green flowers above her head and smiles,
revealing a gold tooth for a left molar.
Her heart is crushed and emptied from a Crackerjack box
by one of the maids in waiting.
The bride covers her eyes.
The groom zips up his fly.
The father of the bride is kneeling in front of a great
polar bear who stands on the altar with a whip, describing
great arcs and growling.
The mother of the bride sits on the lap of the priest.
Her hose is torn above the right ankle.
The father of the groom stands outside, his teeth chattering,
freezing in his underwear.
He looks to the left, to the right, between his legs, over
his left shoulder, quickly runs down the thirty steps to the
street, hails a cab, jumps in, waving a blue flag to the on-
lookers.
The bride suddenly slaps the groom who, shocked, turns around
and slaps his best man who, shocked, turns around and sees the
holy archangel hovering 3 feet away from him, waving a huge
red penis in front of him and winking.
The mothers in law faint in unison.
The bride approaches the angel and with each stepmshe melts
until she becomes a gooey mess.
The priest is throwing coins against the altar with the altar
boys who scream and cheer each throw, waving their arms, rush-
ing to and fro.
The audience begins to leave, throwing jackets, scarves, gloves,
stockings, handkerchiefs, wigs, tophats, watches at the foot
of the groom, who stands with his hands in his pockets, tapping
his foot, as night descends.
The steeple of the church pierces the full moon til the great
cloud of God descends and covers all amid very loud coughing.

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

SONG FOR BIG MAMA

Arnold Snardon*

Come here & knock me on my back, you fatherfuckin' mutha,
Take my neck in one hand & my guts in the utha
Come hump me & pump me, Babe, it's all I think about
Take a mouthfulla my thunder, turn me inside out.

REFRAIN from "Please, Mrs Henry" (optional)

Well I been laid by the sunrise, I been blowed by the breeze
I been pounded by the ocean & I've soared through the trees
Now I'd love to take your body, but I'm tired & I'm blue
& I'm weak & I'm helpless & I got a dose too.

REFRAIN

So if this Lesion of Merit ya caint understand
Come here & lay that young mountain in the palm of my hand
If I suck it in my bloodstream you should feel it in yer knees
& if ya stick me up much fatha, ya might make me sneeze.

REFRAIN

Bring them fleshy legs to me, come wrap around my face,
Keep comin down so hard, Dear, you wont leave a trace
Yer takin 'way my breathin, Love, yer bout to make me come,
Get yer teeth into my trumpet, get yer hands against my drum.

NO REFRAIN

*not Bob Dylan

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

MOUSE EGGS°

Ist annual ST. VALENTINE'S "guess the poet" contest. WIN A BOX OF LAURA SECORD HEARTS!!
Identify the poet of the following 4 poems/write yr answer in the box at the bottom
of this page & drop it off at THE WORD 69 Milton or VEHICULE ART INC. 61 Ste Catherine W.
(Sundays from 2:00 on
DEADLINE: FEB 29/76 Winner will be announced at Victor Coleman°s reading. at Vehicule.

****

4

A Valentine

This
is
not
more
snow
to
fall

but
a
gust
of
the
softest-
bending

down
the
wood
of
garden°s
branches
into

a
girls
andd
boys
pastoral,
old

years
not
to
wink
looks,
middle

life
to
chase
it°s
musical

8

This year
that Valentine is
late-

not that the
view
distracts,

on Washington°s Birthday
the cold
is

lonely
the Flag too
over Govenors Island

between the Statue
of Liberty
and
the cruiser
still
in midwater between

the copings of
two
buildings (as

an island in
itself
towards

the hills of
Staten
Island)

since
Valentine°s Day-anchored
for the

Picture Post Card
of the crescent
of

his evening
and the red sky
and

the blue
and
for this once

forever,
the
white

star
that is
you.

****

35

Or a valentine

What I did not say the other day to you
for today
Is not unsaid because lost today with
such thoughts
in my head
That make one who looks up at the time
say it has
gone ahead.

****

14

It never pours, it draws
On St Valentine°s-
An ocean

Magnetic hearts-
Moving shoeshines-
In the lines of force
Of St Valentine°s.

name_____ . The poet is _____
phone _____
address _____

ARCMTL SCAN 2017

Poem (for Pat)

I lie upon you
as tho you were a worm

beach & your arms
the sun on my back

your breathing
is the sea

& I walk along the beach
picking up shells &

smooth stones
which I return to you as presents

and when you take my hand
& when you

hold me
it is like finding

a gold doubloon
in the sand

I hold it
as tho it were the sun

that was burning holes
through the palm of my hands

stephen morrissey

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